Child Authors Write of Fairies HOLY SEE TAKES Civil War Day by Day, Fifty Years Ago MORGAN GIRLS, AGED 13 AND 15 YEARS DOWN WAR BARS Hand President Published Works Greatest Obstacle to Italy's

Washington has among its juvenile citizenry two authors who promise eventually to attain a position of prominence in the literary world if their present progress steadily continues.

These young literary lights of the National Capital are the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. William Gerry Morgan, of 1006.

Sixteenth street porthwest. The older

Sixteenth street northwest, The older and more advanced is Myra Boyd Mor-and more advanced is Myra Boyd Mor-gan, 15, short story writer and poetess. Her sister, Ruth, 13, is following in her footsteps, and likewise hopes that when she grows up she will become a famous

Wilson Will Read Their Works,

The young authors were presented to President Wilson at the White House last week, and they gave the chief ex-ceutive autographed copies of their published works. The President was great-ly interested in their juvenile efforts and omised the callers he would look over their stories and poems with great in-terest. They were accompanied to the White House by Mrs. Morgan, who also had with her the youngest child, Gerry, 12, and Julia Sherman Hoyt, of California, who is visiting the Morgan children

Myra and Ruth each have published little volume of their writings. Although the books came from the press some time ago, many of the friends of the family did not know of the accomplish-ments of the children until they heard of their trip to the White House.

Myra's volume contains two little stories—"The Little Girl and the Gob lin" and "Why the Sky Is Blue," to-gether with eleven short poems. Myra speaks very modestly of her work, and ints to the fact that it was done sev eral years ago and that she is writing much better stories and poems today Ruth's volume contains a single story
"The Leaf." It is Ruth's chef d'oeuvre Ruth's efforts were turned toward story writing by the success of her sister. One day when Myra had finished reading to the family a story she just had penned, Ruth spoke up: "I think I can write a story like that and I'm going to try." She tried and she succeeded and now she enthusiastic over writing.

Fairy Story of a Leaf.

"The Leaf" was written by Ruth on December 1, 1914, when she was 12 years

beauty and happiness.'

"Once there was a little brown and red leaf who was very discontented because his brothers and sisters were always quarreling. So one day when he was wishing he hadn't any brothers or sisters a fairy came along and said: 'Dear little leaf I will great you may wishing he hadn't was the said side. Dear little leaf I will great you may wishing he hadn't was the said of the rest of the year, or—'

"And for the rest of the year, or—'

"And for the rest of the year there was will take your place and then you may never a happier family in the world, and go anywhere you like while you are restthe poor, dear old mother never heard ing.'

What shall it be?"

"The little leaf looked all around and saw no one, so he knew it was a fairy, because fairles always have invisible cloaks. So he said: "Well, dear fairy, I wish I hadn't any bothersome brothers and sisters, for today was a very cross and sisters, for today was a very cross of the story is prefaced by this naive foreword:

"I wrote this story for a surprise for father and dear mother because they

day all around."
"Very well, said the fairy, and with that she waived her lovely gold wand and in about an hour a terrible wind came up. In the meantime the leaf thought he would never get rid of them. Then the wind came and the little leaf taw what an awful thing he had done.
"But there was no help for it now. Not wisited the dreadful cave and delivered that it was a solution and the little girl named pandora who wandered one day into the woods, where a goblin seized her and took her off to his den. Pandora's father was no help for it now. Not wisited the dreadful cave and delivered the fair girl from the clutches of the "But there was no help for it now. Not visited the dreamin cave and enterers until next year this very day could they the fair girl from the clutches of the come back, and after a while he became unhappy again and began to wish he under his power and forced the latter to was as great and beautiful as his mother. So along came the fairy again and said: I will grant you one wish. Pray, what evil spirit.

So the little leaf told his wish, but the fairy said: 'I cannot grant that it and lived there a long time. wish, dear little leaf, for you are as beautiful as anything can be and greatwish, dear little leaf, for you are as "Then the king's son came through beautiful as anything can be and great-er than your mother and brothers and Pandora and said to her father: 'May I

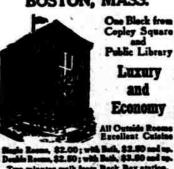
People Talked of Other Leaves. "'But,' said the little leaf, 'I hear peo-ple talking of my sister Red Leaf and

how well she carries us.
"'Ha, ha, you foolish little thing: the people are talking about you and not your sister Red Leaf nor your brother

HOTELS.



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RUTH, GERRY AND MYRA MORGAN (reading from left to right), daughters of Dr. and Mrs. William Gerry Morgan. Ruth and Myra are story writers, Myra is a poetess, and Gerry is an accomplished violinist. The picture was taken in Lausanne, Switzerland, where they studied for two years.



gled with the brown of your mother.'
"'Oh!" said little leaf, 'how lovely.
Please forgive me and give me back my done this?" sisters and brothers to restore mother's beauty and happiness.

will grant you one wish another quarrel from her children."

The story continues have your daughter." And the man Hunting Horn," which said: "You may have my daughter, lit-

tle prince.

Pandora Liked the Princess. "Then the prince was happy and he sang a gong of love to her. And Pandora liked the little prince and the prince liked the little lady. So the prince and princess married and lived as happy as king and queen and never were say their mother and father lived as happy as a mother and father could.

"Then a dragon came and said: 'I have come to eat you up.' And he rush-ed upon them and ate up the fairy. But the fairy took a tiny wand and pounded on the teeth of the dragon, and it paine him so that he spate the fairy up. Bu just then the prince and princess appeared and scared the dragon. And the king and queen took the mother and father to the palace and they lived there

happy ever after."

Myra is much fonder of her little story entitled "Why the Sky Is Blue." And her mother also likes it better. It is not long. It follows: "Once the sky was painted white all the time and there was no sun and the earth was cold and barren.

"Now it happened that in the north of the sky there was born a beautiful baby boy and he was named Sun. He grew and grew until he was a young man. Everywhere he went he shed a great light and all who knew him loved him.

One of the Gods Was Angry. "One day he got a message from very sick and wanted him. So he started. It was painting day in the sky and School for Girls. Gerry, the youngest one of the fairles had left a bucket of child, is an accomplished violinist and blue paint in the road. Sun was hurrylong and was not looking where he very fond of dancing.

Brown Leaf nor your mother. They are was going, when all of a sudden-splash saying how beautiful that brown—'
supposed little leaf.'
"I told you so.' snapped little leaf.'
"The fairy let him finish before she be"The fairy let him finish before she be-"I told you so, snapped little leaf, the blue paint all over they sky. He was "they were talking about Brown Leaf."
"The fairy let him finish before she began. Then she said: 'My dear child, let me finish. They were talking about you —how beautiful your brown and red min"Just then one of the Gods came out

> "Then he spied the young man. you do that?" Then he added: 'I you do that? Then he added: 'I know you did, for there is some paint on your

"All the Gods hated blue, for it hurt their eyes, so they went away and were never heard of again. "And when it rains you will know that

Sun is having a rest. "That is why the sky is blue."

Poems of Childhood.

Here is her title poem, "The Birds:" The beautiful birds, they sing to me;
They fly far ever the wide, oven sea;
They sing 'heir jectic sougs to me
In my old, old apule tree.
"Here is one entitled "A Little Baby:"

I am a little baby; What good can I do? I can make people happy By my cheerful coo-coo.

I am a little girl, What good can I do? I can try to be good, I can try to be true. "My Mother" follows:

My mother is so sweet and fair— She has such pretty golden hair— It almost takes my breath away When she comes out with me to play.

Here is a little poem entitled "The Hunting Horn," which shows that Myra

Hear the hunting horn Early in the morn; With hounds after have On my big black mare We go dashing away l'ast fields full of hay— It makes me feel happy The rest of the day.

The three children recently spent two years in Europe, remaining most of the time at Lausanne, Switzerland, where they attended the Cyrano School. It was at this institution that the children of Mrs. Grover Cleveland studied. The children talk French fluently.

Rode Horseback with Officers.

Myra is greatly interested in horse and she has become an accomplished rider. In Lausanne she rode bareback with the cavalry officers, who were very fond of her. Myra and Ruth both took an active part in the winter sports of Switzerland, becoming proficient on skiis. Myra is very fond of athletics and is a good tennis player. She is an insatiable reader and she spends much time writing short stories. She hopes before long "break into" the ble magazine her ambition is to become a great literary light.

Myra attends the Misses Timlow's Cloverside School at Sixteenth street and Scott Circle, where her English teache is watching with interest her literary de elopment. Her teacher says she has a wonderfully active imagination. now is paying particular attention to literary form and style.

Ruth attends the National Cathedral

Prisoners Forget They Are Society's Outcasts

Four hundred prisoners, men and unattempted in Washington, was the women, forgot for a moment they were singing of a soloist, his song being li-jailed outcasts from society when fifty was Harry Chick, star performer at Mr.

Easter is as common as any other sea-son when viewed through cell bars, except that added poignancy may be the lot of the prisoner. And it was to give them hope and cheer that Tom Moore, owner of a chain of theaters in the District, took out a band of twenty-eight pieces, a chorus of eighteen voices, an auto-full of motion picture reels and

The visitors found they were not the only spectators when they gathered in the big rotunds of the jail and saw hundreds of eager faces peering at them from the five stories high assembling cages. Blacks mingled with whites, young and old worked to advantageous positions, all giving way to an occasional invalided prisoner.

When the spectators on both sides of the bars had ben put in proper condition by the band's "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" and similar airs, the chorus was increased by nearly the full worked to make the chorus was increased by nearly the full worked to accept the part of the patron of the affair, managed the performance. He was assisted by Fred Henke and Charles Plunkett, managers of two of the Moore, father of two of the Moore theaters.

Patchogue, N. Y., April 10.—Cortland The content of the patron of the jail.

oays runnous the the jail.

A collection of moving picture reels, unsurpassed on the program of any theater, was displayed. Comic pictures were the most abundant.

A feature of the program, heretofore

entertainers, accompanied by more than 100 visitors, staged a performance in the District fall last Thursday night and claimed them as their guests.

It was because it was Easter, outside.

It was because as any other seagram.

Louis F. Zinkham, superintendent of the jail and Washington Asylum Hospital, conducted the singing of the in-mates, from whom a women's quartet was selected.

Special guests of the affair were the nurses in the hospital and the staff of physicians and surgeons.

The band and chorus were the music himself for the inevitable separation.

Going Into Field Is Removed.

STILL LOYAL TO POPE

Two Antagonistic Powers Reconciled After Diplomatic Struggle of Many Years.

Special to The Washington Herald.

London, April 19.—The Italian peo-ple clamor to be sent against their old arch-enemy Austria, but neither they nor ordinary observers here and n neutral countries are aware of the

Among the obstacles which were in the way of Italy's participation in the way of Italy's participation in the way of Italy's participation in the words that were spoken. • • • The letter of Gen. Grant asking surrender and the replies thereto evoked a discussion any certain group of cardinals or as to the fate of the Southern people. the replies thereto evoked a discussion question is. Is it must be any certain group of cardinals or bishops, but the Holy See as an institution in the form which has never been given it by revolutions and the clever diplomacy of the House of Sa-

Since the day when the Father of Series in Ser reality the Pope no longer claims temporal power which it would be impossible for him to enforce under modern conditions, and is satisfied to be the spiritual ruler of many millions of souls.

Austria is the only power which still desires to see the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, perhaps from pious reasons, but much more likely because of her perpetual de-sire to annoy Italy, the old natural enemy of the Hapsburgers.

City Still Loyal.

Very few people in the Englishspeaking countries of the world have any idea what subtle diplomatic efforts have been necessary during the last forty-five years to make it possible for two powers, of which one pretends to be the victim while the other is depicted as the executioner, to in-

The task has been accomplished and should the Pope decide to show him-self in the city which once belonged to him he would be greeted by enthuslastic crowds numbering hundreds of thousands. The King and Queen would be the first to leave their modern automobile to kneel before him as his antique carriage passed them and kiss his bejeweled hand. The Pope today is merely an honorary prisoner. The Italian government may proudly say to Austria, Bavaria and America: "We have at all times safeguarded the freedom of his holiness, who may at any time communicate freely with

the whole Cathrile world. Even at the present time, when the world is affame, we have safeguarded the in-tegrity of the conclave, and through our care cardinals of all countries visit Rome and return unmolested to their own countries."

To solve the difficulties engendered by the war regarding the position of the Pope, there were three ways:

Three Ways Out.

Either the Pope must consent to receive an Italian ambassador and send a nuntio to the Quirinal. This would mean the formal acceptance of existing conditions. This the Pope is undoubtedly not yet prepared to do

Or the Pope accompanied by his must leave Rome during the duration of the war, a solution which is inacceptable because the Pope, having left Rome even for a single hour, could never enter again.

The third and most practical solution is being discussed by the inter-ested parties. It is hoped that on the day when Italy enters the war the Pope will temporarily give leave to all foreign ambassadors at the Hoty olic powers can object.

The Holy See will not now be the one to prevent the departure of the Italian army when the Quirinal decides that the hour for action has

POLICE CLERK HAS **COCKROACH AS PET**

Intelligent "Blatide" Will Perform Tricks for Master-Shuns

Other Company. Grand Rapids, Mich., April 10.-The

neight of efficiency in cultivating pets has been reached by Edgar S. Aldridge has a pet cockroach. It abides in some of the numerous cravices in the floor and casement of his office. It has become very fond of Aldridge. When he comes on duty it scurries spiritedly about a large telephone desk or perches itself on his firgers. When either of the two on his fingers. When either of the two other clerks are on duty, it hides away and cannot be found. Never once does it venture forth after Aldridge leaves, but the moment he returns and gives a poculiar hissing call with his pursed lips it appears, as if by magic, and quavers its long antennae in welcome.

"Ah, there, Blat!" the clerk will call in greeting. "How's the world teday?"

"Ah, there, Blat!" the clerk will call in greeting. "How's the world teday?"

In return Blat (an abbreviation of "Blatidae," the scientific name of the cockroach family), will stretch its fine sheen of wings and scamper about delightedly. Then, when the clerk extends a finger it will run up on it and remain in an attitude of repose until tapped off to the desk again.

When Aldridge holds a pen or pencil perpendicularly to a paper it will ap-

Patchogue, N. Y., April 10.—Cortland Brooks is suffering from an attack of fire any other purpose than to bring her focoughs which began after he ate his Thanksgiving Day dinner. He has already lost sixty pounds, but his remarkable nerve keeps him aliva

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.

haps finish the job in the morning. I do not think Lee intends to surrende until compelled to do so." There was no sleep that night among the Federal officers about Sheridan. Sheridan had grasped the great prize of the campaign; he was across Lee's path. Couriers hurried back to carry the good news to Ord's troops, who, though weary, mended their pace for a long night march. Before dawn they were behind Sheridan, a wall of steel across the only avenue of escape of Lee's famished army.

Lee's Last Council of War.

That night in the still woods near Appomattox Courthouse Gen. Lee held his last council of war. There were present of his generals the rugged Longstreet, the active and able John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and Fitshugh Lee, commander of the cavalry, all that were left of Lec's corps commanders.

Gen. Gordon in his memoirs describes

Lee's last council thus: "It met in the woods at his headquar-ters, and by a low-burning bivouse fire.

"In no hour of the great was did Gen

LEE SURRENDERS AND WAR ENDS. April 9.

Fifty years ago today Robert E. Lee. general-in-chief of the Confederate armies, surrendered himself and the Army of Northern Virginia, with which armi 2 he had been in retreat ter to Gen. Grant, Gen, Lee lay down on the blanket stretched upon some fence under Army of the had been in retreat ter to Gen. Grant, Gen. Lee lay down on from Petersburg, to Gen. U. S. Grant at a blanket stretched upon some fence Appointation Courthouse, eighty miles rails placed for him by an officer under the court of the stretched upon some fence and the court of the stretched upon some fence and the stretched upon some f vest of Richmond.

This was the end of the war. Although the village.

no more battles were fought. Other Confederate armies, already dis-integrating in the general collapse of the South's resistance, were to lay down their arms in due course. That under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina, surrendered to Gen. T. W. Sherman on April 25. All other Confederate forces east of the Mississippi were surrendered by Gen. Richard Taylor to Gen. E. R. S. Canby May 4. The last of the Confederate for the Confederate fo Canby May 4. The last of the Confed-Diamounting in the yard, Gen. Lee erates in arms, the scattered forces west went into the house with Col. Marshall of the Mississippi, in Louisiana and Ar-kansas and Texas, were surrendered by

Gen. E. Kirby Smith to Gen. Canby on May 26. The whole number of men paroled as prisoners of war was 174,223. These surrenders were all virtually made with the submission of Lee, head of the military forces of the Confederacy, in whose person was embodied the by shaking hands. The authority that directed the martial spirit has not been recorded.

ment of their Confederacy they had prov en to themselves that the theory was a mistaken one, as they had wished to apply it. The North had fought for a cen tral national government, of which the States, under their constitutional guarantees, should be integral parts.

that fired the first musket in the awful fraternal struggle for the settlement of this political question; and the war had

set the slaves free.

When Lee made his submission to the sreater power of the North, by signing parole of honor not to take up arms against the government of the United States, the white men of the South were also set free-free to turn their backs upon the impracticable dream of sovereign States, and to direct their powers that they had so brilliantly displayed in the war, to the upbuilding of the great-ness of what Lincoln but a few weeks before had fittingly termed "our one common country." The Union was to be made the stronger for the great price in blood that had been paid for it.

No Panoply of War. The scenes attending the surrender of ce-to the Federals the crowning event of the war, to the Confederates the last drop in the bitter cup of defeat and wounded pride-were strangely simple.

this.

The closing scene, when the infermitable will of the Southern leader, which had gustained the great and bloody tragedy to the end, ceased to oppose itself to the inevitable, was like the subdued, hushed ceremony of a funeral service.

The action, the shouting and the tumult of the war were past. As befitted the spirit of a reunion of brothers, there was no array of serried ranks to lay down arms; no martialing of con-

cavalry was in his front. It had captured the trains laden with provisions by added the line: "This will not embrace which Lee hoped to feed his starving the sidearms of the officers nor their men, whose chief subsistence for several days had been parched corn.

Behind Sheridan, like a wall of steel.

was the battle line of the Fifth and

preme effort at dawn to break through the cavalry is his front. Gordon's guns opened, and his weary, famished men advanced, fighting gallantly, only to find the wall of infantry behind the cavalry. Gordon sent back word that his corps Gordon sent back word that his corps could fight no more without re-enforcements. These Lee did not have to send.

As he received Gordon's many and the caveling the corpled to the corple As he received Gordon's message he said o the officer who bore it:

"Then there is nothing left for me but to go to Gen. Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

The officers who heard these words

Orders were given to send a flag of truce to the Federals, asking a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations for surrender. The earlier correspond-

push forward to the front for the pur-pose of meeting Gen. Lee, who could send him on the road notice of where he wished the meeting to take place.

Grant and Lee Meet.

History has often represented that Grant's meeting with Lee took place under an apple tree, and in the years

an apple tree, about half a mile from other portions of the now shattered Confederate forces continued for a little reply, found Gen. Lee. Gen. Lee now head very slightly but did not smile.

The presentations finished, be shock authority, and some blood was spilled in Col. Charles Marshall, his military sec-minor clashes between Blue and Gray, retary, and Col. Babcock, rode to the village. There they met Wilmer Mc-Lean, one of the residents, who was told that Gen. Lee wished to occupy for a short time a room in one of the houses. They were first ushered into the nearest house into a small room, but Gen. Lee, McLean led them to his own house, a comfortable brick structure, standing

> and entered a sitting-room on the left of the hall. About 1 o'clock Gen. Grant arrived at the village, and was told where Gen. Lee awaited him. Although accompanied by several offi-

cers. Gen. Grant expressed a desire to first meet Gen. Lee alone. As he entered the room Gen. Lee rose and greeted him Their conversation in a spirit of brotherly forgiveness and the broadest generosity by Gen. Grant. They walked into the room softly, as men might do at a funeral. A few found solved not less than 2 600 000 and the others. In a few minutes Gen. Grant indicated ears of bloody strife—that had in- seats and the others ranged themselves not less than 2,600,000 soldiers who about the room. The Federals present fought three years or more, cost 500,000 besides Grant, were Maj. Gen. Philip H. lives, maimed not less than 400,000 men Sheridan, Maj. Gen. Edward O. C. Ord. and called for the expenditure of \$5,000.-Sheridan, Maj. Gen. Edward O. C. Ord. commanding a corps: Maj. Gen. Rufus

> dore S. Bowers Col. Frederick T Dent and Col. Adam Badeau, of Grant's staff. Contrast Between Generals.

table near the front window, facing his hand, touch his person, or even lay Gen. Grant, who was seated at a slightly a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting larger table of mahogany in the center for him their great affection.

Accounts of the surrender have been left by three of the participants in the scene, namely Gen. Grant, Col. Badeau. who had been trained as a journalist, and Col. Porter. The latter's account, written from memoranda made at the tim-and published in 1888, is the most com plete and is generally quoted by his

All the officers present noticed a striking contrast in the annearance two generals. Lee wore a new and per-fectly fitting gray uniform. He carried a fine sword with gold hilt, studded with jewels. For the leader of an exhausted army that had been through a ten months' siege, and a week's hot retreat, he seemed singularly clean. With his six feet of height, his well-

ne was a striking figure. It was after his baggage wagons had been so hard The clash of arms, the roar of battle, the distressed flight of a great army in retreat, leaving fields and roadsides of that pleasant green Virginia country, fresh in the vernal shades of spring strewn with dead men, had provided the distress of such a great human drama as this.

The closing scene, when the indemspattered with red mud. He had no sword. As if in some slight deference to custom, he wore a pair of brown thread gloves, the same sort that he had worn on the opening day of his Virginia campaign, nearly a year before. His beard and hair were brown.

Grant's Generous Terms.

Men Given Their Horse

Behind Sheridan, like a wall of steel.

was the battle line of the Fifth and
Twenty-fourth Corps, under Gen. E. O.
C. Ord, troops that had marched all
night and swung into position across
Lee's path at dawn. Behind Lee was
Gen. Meade, with the Second and Sixth
Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

'As a forlorn hope Lee ordered his leading corps, under Gordon, to make a supreme effort at dawn to break through

men Given Their Horses.

When the paper was finished, Gen. Lee
took a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles
from his pocket, adjusted them and read
it. The word "exchange" had been
omitted, and he called attention to the
omission. When he came to the sentence regarding sidearms, horses and
baggage, his countenance showed the
only change the watching Federal officers had noted on it during the inter-view. When he had finished reading he

> the cavalrymen and artillerists own their norses. In this respect its organization differs from that of the United States All the officers present noticed this assumption, even in the closing scene of the war, that the struggle was between two countries. Gen. Lee asked if he was

to assume that the men were to retain Gen. Grant, reading the terms, said that he thought they did not allow it. but before Lee could respond he went on to say that he assumed that many of the

men in the ranks were small farmers and that without their horses they could not put in a crop to sustain their fam-ilies through the next winter. Then he added: "I will not change the terms as now written, but I shall in-struct the officers I shall appoint to re-ceive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their

Gen. Lee again expressed his gratifica-tion by saying: "This will have the best possible effect upon the men."

"Here, Take My Grab."

Gen. Lee's acceptance of the terms was

After handing it to Gen. Grant he remarked that his men were without food. Grant at once volunteered to send them rations, and suggested that he send 25,-00, asking if that would be enough. Gen Les replied that he thought it would be ample. The number of men surrendering in fact did not exceed 28,000. The Federals had supposed he had many more. Less than 10,000 had arms in their hands: the others were stragglers-the wreck

When the surrender was com Gen. Lee stood and the Federal officers were presented to him. To each he bowed without shaking hands, except in the case of one or two whom he knew. When one of these old acquaintances athands with Gen, Grant, and a little be his gray charger in the yard, and rode within the lines of his surrendered army. When news of the surrender spread like an electric current through the Fed-

eral army, a wave of joy swept the ranks. Yet there was no cheering or other demonstration that might wound the sensibilities of the late foe. In all the war there was no act more creditable to American character than this. knapsacks were opened, with some such homely phrase as "Here, Johnny, you're hungry; take my grub." Officers ex-changed visits, seeking old friends, and before night settled on the scene the horrors of war seemed years behind

Grant, in his hour of supreme victory. was silent, self-contained, compassion-ate. When his soldiers would have fired cannon in salutes, he sternly forbade it.

Lee's Farewell to His Men.

And what of Lee as he rode back to Possibly no better closing refe the scene can be quoted than that of a Gen. A. L. Long, of Lee's staff, who

"When, after his interview with Grant, one and indissoluble union of the States.

The people of the South had fought for the theory that a State was an independent government. By the experiment of the state of the

tears. "As he rode slowly along the lines Gen. Lee was seated at a small oval around the noble chief, trying to take

> "The general then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return their homes and become worthy citi-

87 Want Divorces in New York. New York, April 10.-In the Supreme Court the spring rush of divorce cases started when eighty-seven couples ap-peared in the three parts of the court. Every variety of marital difficulties was shown in the array of bills.

shaped form, his silver gray hair and beard, and his handsome, impassive face. **Quickly Banished**



tends a finger it will run up on it and remain in an attitude for repose until tapped off to the deak again.

When Aldridge holds a pen or pencil perpendicularly to a paper it will approach cautiously and place its head shares, no triumphant buffer at the point. Then it will revolve itself in a circle around it many times. Alfridge holds a pen or pencil perpendicularly to a paper it will approach cautiously and place its head shares, no triumphant buffer and before the conversation was a circle around it many times. Alfridge holds arounder of shares in the sound it may time and time and broken to have made a gat-lain show, had it been axacted of them.

The life of a cockroach is not very length from the sound in the sound i